

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT



by
James Montgomery Flagg

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Katharine Ramsay.

J. J. "Naupha".

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All in the Same Boat

By the same author and in uniform size and binding

Tomfoolery

“IF”

A Guide to Bad Manners

Why They Married

75 Cents Each

All in the Same Boat

Text and Illustrations

By

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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DEDICATED
TO
MY WIFE

Dont forget
to write !"



ALL ABOARD!

The smart and the stupid,
With Cap'n Dan Cupid,
Are huddled together afloat;
Tho' some travel steerage,
While others go sneerage,
We're all of us in the Same Boat!





The Captain

The captain speaks impressively when giving interviews
To reporters who come swarming on the ship,
And says altho' he's been at sea for many many ye's
He's really never seen a { rougher
smoother } trip!





M. H. H.

The Cabin Steward

The cabin steward is the chap who brings you water hot
And smiling says, "It is a lovely day!"
And then the dear Atlantic hits your porthole with a swat—
We cannot print the things you try to say!





These Married People!

Wife came down to bid hubby good-bye
And they wept as they parted that day;
But hubby cheered up when the steamer pulled out—
Maybe wife did too—who can say?





Nationality, Please?

The Paris breakfast seemed to him a cheap and measley thing,
Another of those European fakes—
He has to have his steak and chops, his bacon, fish and eggs,
And then it isn't real without the cakes!





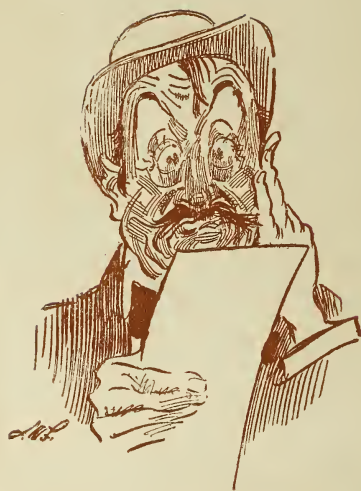
Sump'n or Other

Here's the celebrity—what has he done?

It must be a boon to mankind.

Well, he either invented the oysterless stew,

Or he's been farthest north, in his mind!





Ver' Ruffsh Pashage!

Mr. Gieshiebler's not an A. B.,
So a smoking room sofa he collars,
And when he comes to at the end of the week
His bar bill is \$800.





One on Every Ship

Here's Lily, a thirty-year-old ingenue,
To moth-eaten bromides she clings;
She looks at the steerage and then says to you:
"They hardly look human, poor things."





Wm. Flagg.

Poor Claribel!

Claribel Cuddle is always alone,
Always alone on the decks,
Always alone in dark corners, poor girl—
With one of the impudent sex!





Such a Humorist!

"Then you don't like this weather I ordered for you?"

Says Snorte to a girl who's complaining.

"I'll speak to the Captain, and have it calmed down!"

And they say Snorte is *so* entertaining.





You Bet

This is the gambler—you have been warned—
He wins his fare over (and wines);
He can always find someone to sit in a game
Who doesn't believe in those signs.





O Layer-cake !

Anita Marshmallow may always be found
Sitting up near the bow eating candy
With four sons of Eli she sings "Boola Boo";
"Don't you think Jack Barrymore's dandy!"





Junk

This is a portrait of Souvenir Sue
 Who whether in Brooklyn or Rome
 Must always find something to break off and snatch
 To label and carry back home!





Not Becoming

Hattie goes hatless and lets her hair blow
So her curls will all float out of place.
It would look mighty fetching and coy, doncher know,
If she had the right kind of a face!





Did You Ever Cross with Him?

Mr. Buzz spouts about Thibet and Greece,
Petersburg, Stockholm—creation;
He sounds like the man who calls out the trains
Down at the Grand General Station.





Europe? Tut!

Perhaps you know this one—old “Europe-be-darned,”
If you mention some building or view,
He’ll say, “We’ve got sump’n ’ll beat that a mile
Right out in old Kalamazoo!”



G. B. CONRADSON

JUNE 7th 190-

My dear Father
I have
decided not to
turn that brown
Cashmere until
I return to Coles
I think it's plenty
good enough to
travel amongst these



Takes Her Pen in Hand

This woman writes letters from morning till night;
Every minute she scribbles away.
You know very well from the looks of her face
She couldn't have *that* much to say!





Forty Times Before Breakfast

This nuisance walks around the decks
And tells you all about it,
If he fell off perhaps I'd yell
"Man overboard!"—I doubt it!





Bezique

Says Mrs. Smart: "I'll just declare my string of amber beads,
I won't declare my English baby carriage!"

"And I," said Bessie Billion, who had snaked a foreign prince,
"I think I'll just declare a 'Royal Marriage!'"





J. M. Page.

The Grouchy Swell

This beautiful person won't speak to a soul;
He has a dull week on the water;
His people, you see, had bought Standard Oil
When the shares sold at two for a quarter!





Altogether too Happy

Lolla is having the time of her life;
She chortles from early till late;
Every second is teeming with screaming delight,
We wish there was *something* she'd hate!





The Titled Person

We bump against him just by chance
His notice our reward;
He's sour, old, of ill-repute—
But also he's a lord!





Willing and Anxious

Almarine Gurgle flutters around
With music tucked under her wing;
Her eyes are imploring and seem to cry out,
"Go ahead, Bill, and ask me to sing!"





The Man Who Won the Pool

Have a drink with the winner or have a cigar!
Let every dog have his day—
You'll win the pool on the morrow, perhaps,
But he is the hero today!





They All Talk That Way

"The trip is so restful, I love these slow boats!"
Says Mrs. Alonzo G. Honks,
But if 'twere a question of fast boats or none—
She'd have to say home in the Bronx!





The Chairman of the Concert

This pompous bromidium's chairman to-night,
He prates of "hands over the brine";
"Blood's thicker than seltzer," and so is his head;
I'm glad he's no cousin of mine!





Graeco-Roman

The Tonneaus are mighty fine people, my boy,
They have six "Mercymes" in the hold,
They're warmer than most of your gasolene swells;
They *each* ride in *two* cars, I'm told!





A Hair's-Breadth Escape

There's something familiar about him;
You've met him, you think: "Shall I speak?
Was it Newport or Hot Springs—Good heavens!
He marcel's my hair twice a week!"





The Cheerful One

He sees you are dozing, he knows you are ill;
But he *will* sidle up just to say,
As he crowds his gay person on half of your chair,
"Well, how's the boy feeling to-day?"





Different

Mme. Shubrich's very fine
In Niebelungen Ring,
But when you see her off the stage
You think, "For God's sake, sing!"





Somebody's Boy

When you're trying to snooze and your nerves are on edge,
And the sea makes you frightfully ill,
And somebody's boy blows a horn in your ear,
Just remember—"Thou shalt not kill!"





Dear Old Grandma

Grandma's almost ninety, but she's sporty just the same,
Tho' she wears those funny lady-finger curls,
She can climb an Alpine mountain or enjoy a "quiet game,"
Just exactly like the other high-school girls!





Pooh, Pooh, Tut, Tut, and Then Some

"Seasick? O, no, not at all!
You say I look greenish and yellow!
It's neuralgia—I got it last Fall—
Why, *I* never get seasick, old fellow!"





Too Generous

Miss Inkwell invested in culture this June,
The outlay was three hundred dollars,
She dishes up Europe three times a day—
She ought to save some for her scholars!

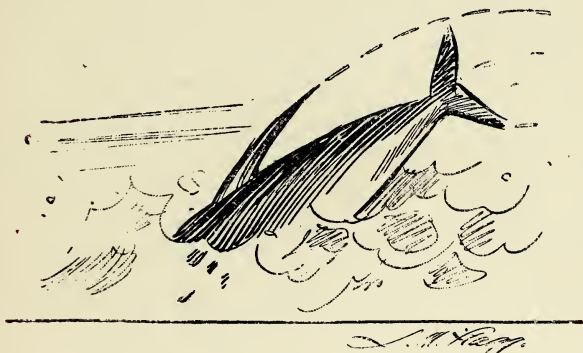




Not an Idle Person

Mr. Peacock has thirty-one trunks,
Just think of the duds he has brought!
His socks match his ties and his rugs match his suits—
His life is one beautiful thought!





Sweet Little Things

Miss Fattenforty loves to watch
The Porpoises a-sunning,
She thinks they're just as cute as cute,
And likewise awful cunning!





What Is He?

He takes a bit of bloater, a cup of tea, and toast;
He cannot go those feahful Yankee messes,
He calls his ma "The Mater," "His People" mean his folks,
He says that he "expects" when he means "guesses"!





Circumstances Alter Laces

Marie Méringue is a bit overdressed
For a gyrl of her station and age,
While this statement is true as you see her on board,
It's utterly false on the stage!



"TRAMP STEAMER"



Probably Some Old Tramp Steamer, Too!

There's always the bore with the glasses
When you're trying to rest on your trip,
Who insists on your seeing the steamer
On the opposite side of the ship!





On a Liberal Allowance

His "Governor" sent him abroad for his "vac";
He thought he should see other races—
So the kid saw the "Derby," the "Grand Prix" and such
And, in fact, only hit the high places!

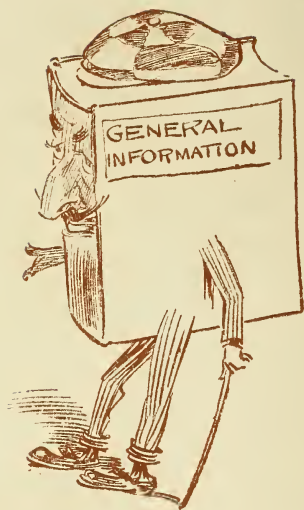




J. M. Flagg.

Sufficiency

Gertrude Gilhooly just hopes it will storm,
She adores the sea angry and rough;
When a wave gives this lady a slap on the ear
We timid ones cry, "Good enough!"

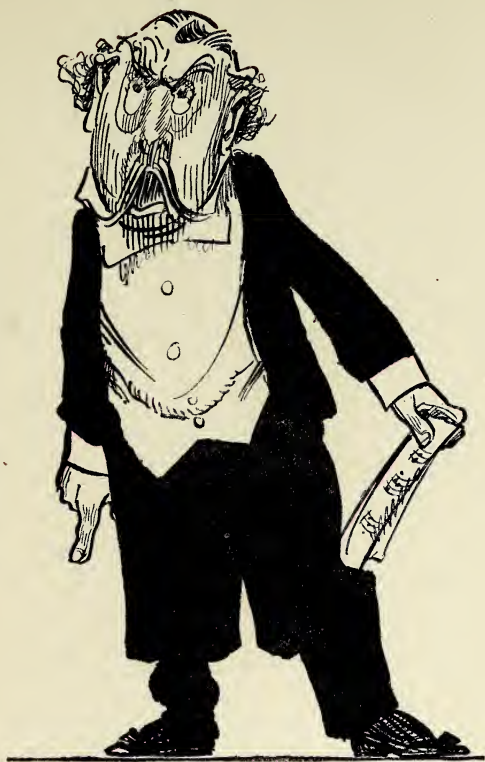




Reliable

One can always rely on that chap Mr. Butts,
His knowledge is quite mastodonic
If he blandly asserts "that's the Doitchland off there!"
You may know it's the "S.S. Bubonic!"





Entertaining

It's generally rough when the concert comes off;
We're most of us quaky and fearful.
This guy sings a song about "Fire at Sea,"
Or something else equally cheerful!





By Special Request

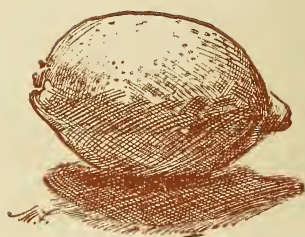
Mr. Vestpantiski enchoys all his meals;
He's lout in his braise of der line;
They hat yom-kippeder herring for preakfast, for him
"They soitenly do treat yer fine!"





Recovered

There's always the person who's hit by a wave,
Then finds that he's minus his trunk;
He's obliged for a loan and so isn't obliged
To spend the whole week in his bunk!





The Formula

This is the cynical man of the world,
Whose lip is marcelled with a sneer,
His pose is extolling the things you dislike
And scoffing at things you revere!





Not a "Nature Fakir"

There's always one girl with an outline on board,
A monotony killer, I mean,
The sort all the men say is "perfectly good,"
And the women all sniff "Actorine!"

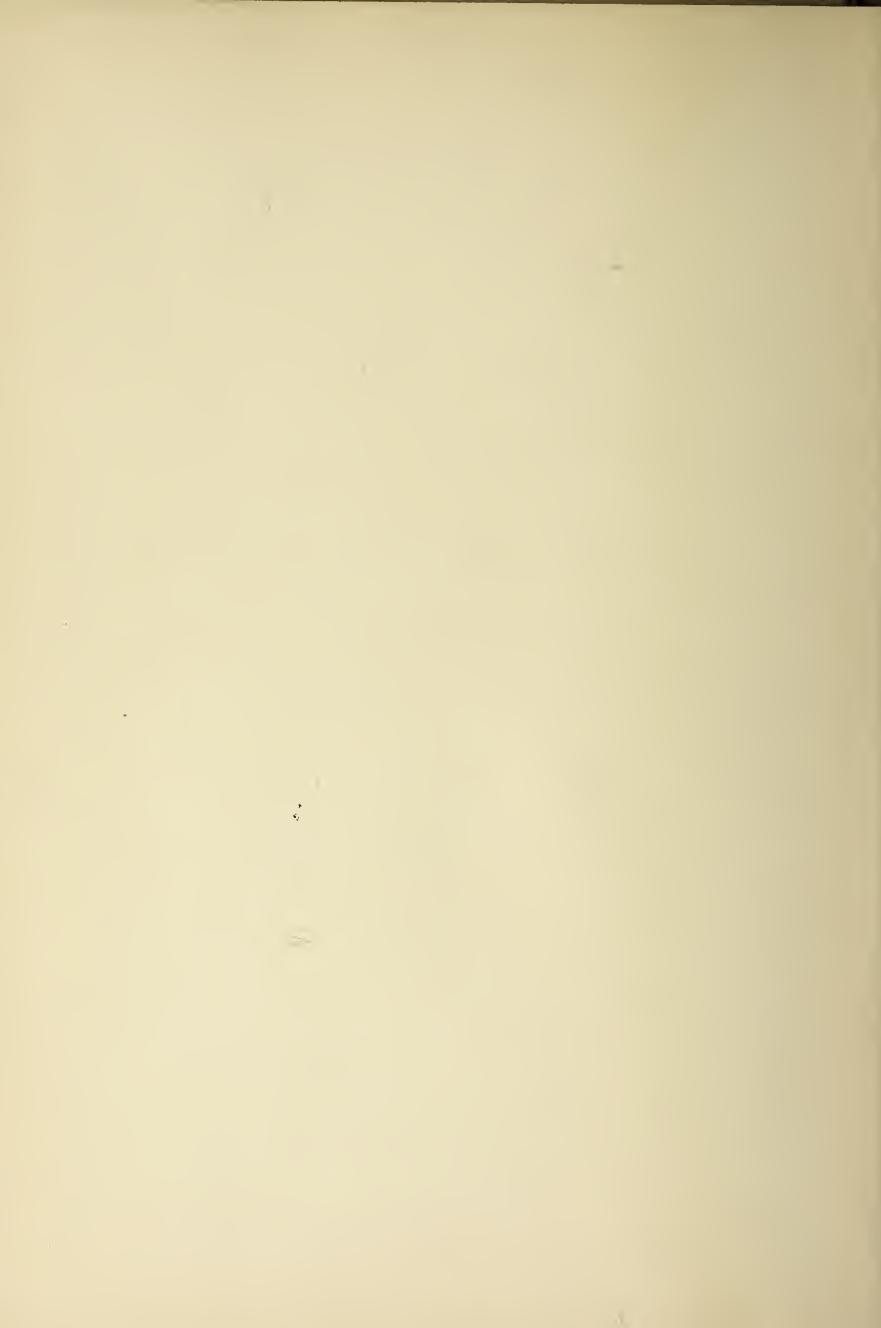




If So, Beg Pardon

Here is a colorless, meaningless chap;
He is simply a blot on the view;
He's a zero, a hyphen, a space that is filled—
Great Scott! Now *don't* tell me it's you!





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